

The Deserted  
Village

Oliver Goldsmith

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# MUSA AMERICANA

FOURTH SERIES

## VICUS DESERTUS

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

IN LATIN HEXAMETERS

*With English Text*

By

ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LITERATURE

CAMPION COLLEGE

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

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CHICAGO

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## FOREWORD

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A century and a half have passed, since OLIVER GOLDSMITH published *The Deserted Village*, (May 26, 1770). The success of the poem was immediate, complete and lasting. Form and content are perfect; the reflections serious and of general interest; the problems deep, soul-stirring and for ever agitating the minds of men. For *The Deserted Village* is a serious discussion of the social and economic problems of a nation once happy and flourishing, but now reduced to wretchedness and poverty, where

*"One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain."*  
(D. V. 39, 40).

*The Deserted Village* is a work of poetry. Its serious thoughts are presented in a language preëminently poetic, melodious and musical. There is no end of delightful word-pictures, concrete and imaginative in the highest degree. Oliver Goldsmith was gifted with that intuitive sense, that poetic instinct which chooses the right word at all times, lends rhythm and music to phrase and construction and, thus, creates poetry of immortal fame.

To reproduce a long poem of such exquisite beauty in the stern language of the Romans, to translate it line for line, phrase for phrase, in Latin hexameters, true in rhythm, simple in construction, and poetic in diction was the task the Author of VICUS DESERTUS has proposed to himself. The labor bestowed on VICUS DESERTUS has been a labor of love which was undertaken from an enthusiastic admiration for Oliver Goldsmith's

immortal poem and from a desire to advance the cause of Latin in our country by presenting to the Classical Student a metrical translation of a work of poetry with which he is familiar from his study of English literature.

Adopting the custom of modern editions of School Classics, the Author of "Vicus Desertus" has marked the larger divisions of the poem by special headings indicative of the poet's line of thought. More difficult Latin words or phrases are explained in foot-notes. Caesuras are marked by wider spaces between words or by punctuation. An English text accompanies the Latin Translation in opposite columns.

*Vicus Desertus* is the Fourth Series of MUSA AMERICANA; Series I, (Second Edition), *Patriotic Songs*; Series II, *Home Songs in Latin*, and Series III, *Classic Odes*, all with English Texts, have been previously published by the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1076 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois.

Series V of MUSA AMERICANA will present a Latin Translation (in accentual iambic verse) of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

A. F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

CAMPION COLLEGE,  
Prairie du Chien, Wis.  
December 1, 1920.





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## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

## SIMPLE RURAL CHARMS. 1-34.

- Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;  
5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
15 How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
20 The young contending as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,

## VICUS DESERTUS

## SIMPLICES RURIS DELICIAE. 1-34.

- Dulces Alburni!<sup>1</sup> Campi pulcherrime vice,  
 Ruricolas opibus recreans et corpore sano,  
 Arridens ubi ver sua munera prima profudit,  
 Aestatisque fugae flores superare<sup>3</sup> solebant:
- 5 Innocuam vitam tribuens atque otia grata,  
 Ludenti puero mihi sedes semper amica,  
 O, quoties subii virides campos pede lento,  
 Omnia dum rident humili faustoque lepore!  
 O, quoties placuit meditari singula pulchra:
- 10 Aedes protectas, virides agros bene cultos,  
 Rivum haud fallacem molamque laboris amantem,  
 Et nitidum templum surgens e colle propinquo,  
 Arbustum viridans umbransque sedilia, nata  
 Colloquiisque senum iuvenum dulcique susurro!
- 15 O, quam saepe diem iussi salvere propinquum  
 Quum labor omissus concessit tempora ludo:  
 Agrestes iuvenes, operis sudore solutos,  
 Exercere iuvat patula sub fronde lacertos;  
 Ludi diversi subeunt mox arboris umbram,
- 20 Concertant iuvenes seniorum urgente corona:  
 Illos delectat per pratum ludus opacum,  
 Artes hos magicae, certamina roboris istos;  
 Cum repetita tamen lassarant<sup>2</sup> gaudia plebem,  
 Mutabat ludos iuvenum laetissima turba;
- 25 Hi duo saltando quaerunt sibi laudem et honorem,

<sup>1</sup> *Alburni*: the English adjective "auburn" seems to be derived from the Latin adjective "alburnus"; see Encyclopedia Britannica, art. "auburn."

<sup>2</sup> *supero*—survive, with the dative; cf. V. Aen. II, 643 "captae superavimus urbi." Hence: "fugae superare" to survive (linger, remain after) the flight of. . . .

<sup>3</sup> *lassarant*; pluperfect of "recurring action in the past"; Bennett, 288, 3.

- By holding out, to tire each other down ;  
 The swain mistrustless of his smuttred face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,  
 30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please :  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

## DESOLATION. 35-74.

- 35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And *desolation* saddens all thy green :  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 40 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But choked with sedges works its weedy way ;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
 45 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 50 Far, far away thy children leave the land.  
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
 55 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,

- Dum socius sociam delassans vincere tentat;  
 Ille puer nescit sibimet sordescere buccas,  
 Risus dum tacitus per pratum repit amoenum;  
 Lumina deflectit virgo, quum quaerit amatum,  
 30 Acri sed mater reprehendit talia vultu:  
 Gaudia praestabas haec olim, vice venuste!  
 Ludorum series fecitque placere labores;  
 Deliciis aedes exornans quippe coloni,  
 Haec tua gaudia erant, — fugerunt gaudia cuncta.

## VASTATIO. 35-74.

- 35 Dulcis, subridens, campi carissime vice!  
 Ludi fugerunt, simul aufugere lepores;  
 Aedes namque tuas manus opprimit arcta<sup>1</sup> tyranni,  
 Desolata iacent quondam florentia prata;  
 Unus enim dominus rapit omnia iugera solus,  
 40 Dimidii inculti campi messis tibi macra.  
 Nec rivus vitreus reflectit fulgura solis,  
 Ulvis oppressus meat inter vimina lente;  
 Adque tuos lucos, alato ex agmine solus,  
 Butio raucisonans nidum custodit ab hoste;  
 45 Desertasque vias quaerit Charadrius ales,  
 Unisono cantu reboantia rura fatigans;  
 Prostrataeque iacent aedes, promiscua clades,  
 Putridus et murus superatur gramine longo;  
 Ut fugiant dominos avide sua rura petentes,  
 50 Hinc, procul hinc trepidi properant tellure coloni.  
 Ah, tellus miserae succumbit iure ruinae,  
 Divitiis auctis hominum pereunt ubi mores!  
 Rex licet et Princeps surgant recidantque vicissim:  
 (Vox populi faciet reges,—hos fecerat olim),  
 55 Agricolae validi, patriae decus atque potestas,

<sup>1</sup> *arctus*, *a*, *um*; the metaphorical meaning of this adjective is clear from Hor. Sat. II, 6, 82 "ut tamen arctum Solveret hospitibus animum."

When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
 60 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
 His best companions, innocence and health;  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
 65 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 70 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

#### A POET'S DREAM. 75-112.

75 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs — and GOD has given my share —  
 85 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,



Cum periire semel, suppleri quomodo possunt?

Quondam tempus erat, —non Anglia pressa gemebat,  
Singula iugera cum nutrent fruge colonum;

Illi cum faciles sua ferrent dona labores,

60 Dantes queis opus est vitae, sed plura negantes:

Optimi erant comites: vita integra, corpora sana;

Summae divitiae: gazarum nescia corda.

Tempora mutantur; patriam commercia dura

Invasere suo fraudantia rure colonos;

65 Campos per virides, vicorum ubi copia risit,

Aurum nunc onerans tumidus splendorque recumbunt,

Quaevis pauperies, splendoris squalida consors,

Quivis atque dolor, fastum qui punit inanem.

Illae horae dulces, nasci quas Copia iussit,

70 Illa quieta, minus spatii cupientia, vota,

Et ludi validi decorantes arva serena,

Omnibus ex oculis fulgentes, gloria prati:

Cuncta procul fugiunt melius quaerentia litus,

Ruris nec mores nec gaudia cernere possis.

#### POETAE SOMNIA. 75-112.

75 Dulces Alburni! quondam tot gaudia dantes,

Silva relicta docet quantum dominus furat audax!

Illos per campos, quos solus pervagor, inter

Calles confusos, vastatos inter et agros,

Multis post annis rediens, dum visere quaero,

80 Qua fuerint aedes vel qua dumeta fragrarint,

Evigilat recolens animus, mihi multa reducit,

Pectora convellit vertitque priora in amara.

Errans per mundum curis plerumque repletum,

Maerorum patiens, — Deus hos donavit abunde —,

85 Extremae vitae sperabam praemia grata:

Hos inter lucos me posse quiescere tandem,

Et vitae lumen producere tempore longo,

- And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 95 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return — and die at home at last.
- O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these  
 100 A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,  
 105 Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 110 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!

WHAT A CHANGE! 113-136.

- Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 115 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

- Flammam defectu prohibere quiete senili;  
 Hoc quoque sperabam, — nos quippe superbia sectat—,  
 90 Ruricolis artes me tradere posse librorum,  
 Attrahere ad foculum vespertinamque coronam,  
 Omnia quae sensi, quae vidi meque referre;  
 Utque lepus, catulis pressus lituique fragore,  
 Aegre respirans, citius redit unde cucurrit,  
 95 Sic ego sperabam, curis tandem procul actis,  
 Huc rediturum me, —moriturum in patria amata.  
 Faustum secessum! vitae fugientis amicum,  
 Curarum finem, numquam mihi forte futurum.  
 Quam fortunatus, valeat qui dura iuventae  
 100 Talibus in umbris redimire quiete senili;  
 Mundum qui linquat cuius tentatio mordet,  
 Qui, cum difficiles sint pugnae, cedere discat!  
 Tali non homines, lacrimis nati atque labori,  
 Saxorum venas maris aut discrimina tentant;  
 105 Nec custos stolidus, fallax quem culpat amictus,  
 Invigilat portae, depellens pane carentes.  
 Procedit versus supremæ tempora vitae  
 Angelicis cinctus sociis virtutis amantum;  
 Ad tumulum pergit furtive viribus haustis,  
 110 Confisusque Deo procedit tramite dulci;  
 Quovis proposito proventus dante secundos,  
 Coelum praegustat nondum tellure relictâ.

“QUANTUM MUTATUS AB ILLO.” 113-136.

- Dulcis erat sonitus, vesper cum clauderet horas;  
 Surgente ad collem vici clamore canoro.  
 115 Illic, dum migro vacuus curis pede lento,  
 Molles misceri<sup>1</sup> voces e valle sonantes:  
 Concinere et pastor percepta voce puellae,  
 Atque greges sobrii suboli mugire tenellae;

<sup>1</sup> *misceri*, historical infinitive; v. 116-123. B. 335.

- The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 120 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
 125 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmur fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
 130 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
 135 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

THE VILLAGE PARSON. 137-192.

- Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;  
 145 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

- In stagno crepitare anser, mox tollere voces  
 120 Ludentes pueri, schola quos dimiserat arcta,  
 Pervigiles catuli zephyros latrare<sup>2</sup> susurros<sup>3</sup>.  
 Indomiti risus ostendere pectus inane:  
 Hae mixtae voces umbram conquirere gratam,  
 Implentes tempus philomelae carminis experts.  
 125 Voces deficiunt nunc vici cive carentis,  
 Laetum nec murmur volitat trans aëra vectum.  
 Pernix nec trudit densos pes gramine calles,  
 Omnis sed vegetae vitae decor exiit inde.  
 Omnes fugerunt, solam praeter viduam illam,  
 130 Quae sese inclinat prope fontis murmura flavi;  
 Haec matrona senex misere compellitur amnem,  
 Victum perquirens, nudare legumine denso,  
 Et sibi dumetis hibernas carpere virgas,  
 Noctu sub tecto fletura ad lumina solis—  
 135 Una relicta parens ex vici plebe modesta,  
 Tristis quae possit vallis narrare ruinas.

## PAROCHUS. 137-192.

- Istas ad silvas, ubi riserat hortus apricus,  
 Flores et fundit nunc caespes sponte virentes,  
 —Paucis virgultis locus insignitur opacus—,  
 140 Parva domus Parochi surgebat mole modesta.  
 Vir bonus ille fuit, vico carissimus omni,  
 Aere quadrageno iam ditior esse putatus.  
 Urbe procul fungens sacrato munere, sedem  
 Numquam mutarat, numquam mutare volebat;  
 145 Nescit adulari nec quaerit munera mundi,  
 Spreto doctrinis, quas fingit mobilis hora;  
 Hic meliora etenim quaerens sibi corde perito,  
 Erigere infaustos gaudet nec surgere curat.

<sup>2</sup> *latrare*, with accus., to bark at, Hor. Epd. 5, 58.

<sup>3</sup> *susurros*; acc. plur. masc. of adjective: susurrus, a, um, whispering (Ovid).

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
150 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
155 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
165 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
170 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
175 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
180 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.



- Perfugium turmae domus offert usque vaganti,  
 150 Palantem increpat et quaerit levare dolentem;  
     Illic excipitur mendicus, (post ea notus),  
     Cui sua cana fluit trans pectus barba senile;  
     Perditus et nebulo, (non amplius ille superbit),  
     Quaerit ibi hospitium, nec spe deicitur illic;  
 155 Membraque<sup>1</sup> confractus miles consistere iussus,  
     Ignibus assidet et noctem sermonibus implet;  
     Vulneribus fletis, narratā sorte maligna,  
     Imponit baculum scapulis, quī vincere possis  
     Monstrans. Cum sociis Parochus fervere coepit.  
 160 Crimina nec meminit commotus rebus amaris;  
     Noscere nec curat merita aut delicta clientum,  
     Commiserans prius adiuvat hos, quam tactus amore.  
     Tristi sic gaudet Parochus succurrere turbae,  
     Eius defectus nimia virtute creantur.  
 165 Impiger et promptus, miseros recreare vocatus,  
     Invigilat, plorat, pro cunctis maeret et orat.  
     Ut volucris cunctas artes exercet, amatam  
     Ut moveat prolem sursum tentare volatum,  
     Artes sic omnes tentans reprehendit inertes,  
 170 Allicit ad coelum, dux factus tramitis ipse.  
     Ad miserum lectum, fugiens ubi vita recumbit,  
     Vel pudor et crimen spem tollit vel dolor aegris,  
     Consistit Parochus. Sicut monet atque precatur,  
     Desperatio vel torto angor pectore cedit;  
 175 Profert solamen, trepidum quod sublevat aegrum,  
     Ultimae et emittunt tremulae praeconia voces.  
     In templo, Parochi, —decorat quem gratia simplex—,  
     Sublimis vultus facit omnia luce nitere;  
     Sermo, sinceris labiis cum profluat, urget;  
 180 Risurus veniens remanet; mox ille precatur

<sup>1</sup> *membraque confractus miles*; cf. Hor. Sat. I, 1, 5: "Miles ait, multo iam fractus membra labore." For the Accus. "membra", see B. 180, 1 and 2.

- The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 185 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE SCHOOLMASTER. 193-217.

- Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 195 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school.  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 200 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
 205 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
 The village all declared how much he knew:  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 210 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;  
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;  
 While words of learned length and thundering sound

- Corde pio. Sacris perfectis ritibus, omnes  
 Ruricolae accurrunt quaerentes candidum amicum;  
 Quin pueri accurrunt, perblandis artibus usi,  
 Atque togam vellunt cupidi ridentis amici;  
 185 Risus enim Parochi fervescit amore paterno,  
 Fata boniorum illi dant gaudia, sed mala luctum;  
 Commiserans tribuit cunctis curam atque laborem.  
 Seria quae sentit, coelo sibi tuta reponit:  
 Terribilis veluti scopulus se tollit in altum,  
 190 Vallibus exsurgit, medias superatque procellas,—  
 Gyrrantes nubes scopuli dum pectora cingunt,  
 Aeternus splendet montis de vertice fulgor.

## LUDIMAGISTER. 193-217.

- Iuxta illam saepem quae tenditur ad bivium, unde  
 Gaudet spinetum nil utile spargere flores,  
 195 In crepitante domo, pueros cohibere peritus,  
 Haud multos docuit bene ludimagister alumnos.  
 Ille severus erat, facies austera videri;  
 Hunc egomet scivi, fugitivus quisque sciebat:  
 Praesagiens agmen puerorum sueverat usque  
 200 E matutino vultu atra inferre diei.

- Fortiter arrident,—sed gaudia ficta fuere—,  
 Omnibus usque iocis, —dives fuit ille iocorum;  
 Secretus docuit celeri cum voce susurrus  
 Prudentes pueros rugosae frontis iniqua.  
 205 Sed generosus erat; visus si forte severus,  
 Hōc erat ob verae doctrinae fervidum amorem.

- Ruricolae narrant quantum cognoverit ille;  
 Scribere nam poterat, numerare et noverat, atque  
 Agros metiri, disponere tempora, festa,  
 210 Quin dicebatur metra cognovisse liquorum;  
 Nec Parochus negat hunc verbis contendere nosse,  
 Victus enim poterat nova tum proferre magister;  
 Doctae sed voces, longae, tumideque tonantes,

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
 215 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

THE VILLAGE INN. 219-250.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
 220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlor splendors of that festive place:  
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;  
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
 230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;  
 235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 240 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 245 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Ruricolas terrent, —arrectis auribus adstant—;  
 215 Stant stupefacti illi, mirantes plusque magisque  
 Unum posse caput capere omnia nota magistro.

Fama eius periit! Locus haud memoratur apricus,  
 Illi ubi tot quondam licuit celebrare triumphos.

VICI TABERNA. 219-250.

- Iuxta spinetum, sursum quod fert caput altum,  
 220 Postis ubi inscriptus vultus attraxit euntum,  
 Strata taberna iacet potu stimulare suëta.  
 Huc canus Iocus et ridens Labor ire solebant,  
 Cives resque graves patriae disquirere amabant,  
 Res disceptantes vetere haustu aetate priores.
- 225 Praeteritique memor revocare animus modo gaudet  
 Aulae splendores nitidae festaeque tabernae:  
 Muros albatos et conspersum solum arenis,  
 Et decus horari post valvas usque crepantis;  
 Et cistam, duplici fini servire paratam,
- 230 (Nocte fuit lectus, forulique fuere diurni,)   
 Pictas et tabulas usum speciemque ferentes,  
 Et "Bis Sex Regulas," "Regis Ludum Anserum"  
 amatum;  
 Atque focum ornatum, praeterquam frigore brumae,  
 Populeis ramis aut flore et foeniculo albo.
- 235 Pocula fracta cate decoris ratione retenta,  
 Addita fornaci, serie fulsisse recordor.
- Splendores vanos, fugitivos! Num simul omnes  
 Avertistis vos cladem labente taberna?  
 Obscura illa cadit! miseris iam non dabit horam
- 240 Pauperibus, magnos qua possint semet habere.  
 Illuc nec veniet fessus sudore colonus,  
 Ut moveat tristi curas de corde diurnas;  
 Agricolae sermo, tonsoris fabula longa,  
 Nec venatoris resonabit cantus ibidem;
- 245 Fessus nec frontem faber absterget sibi nigram,

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 250 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

THE GOLDEN MEAN. 251-264.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
 255 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 260 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

THE DANGERS OF LUXURY. 265-302.

265 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand  
 Between a splendid and a happy land.  
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
 270 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;  
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
 And rich men flock from all the world around.  
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful products still the same.  
 275 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;



Robore laxato valido non arriget aures;  
 Hospes nec ridens reperiri possit, agrestes  
 Qui studuit semper convivas reddere laetos;  
 Virgo fugax, patiens urgeri semet ab illis,  
 250 Pocula non tanget labiis, non tradet amicis.

## AUREA MEDIOCRITAS. 251-264.

Divitibus placeant risus, spernantque superbi  
 Gaudia simplicia haec humilis mitisque catervae;  
 Carior est mihimet, cordi sic dulcior unus  
 Nativus splendor re quavis arte polita.  
 255 Gaudia, sponte sua Natura e divite nata,  
 Corripiunt animos, —illa esse suprema fatemur—,  
 Exsultim penetrant mentes vacuasque serenant,  
 Invidiā procul et curae stringente catenā.  
 Longae sed pompae, vel mimica nocte chorē,  
 260 Cunctis lautitiis gazae petulantis amicta,  
 Quid tibi sunt? Vix, proh! media est libata voluptas,  
 Deliciae cum se vertunt in verbera dura:  
 Alliciat cultus quantumvis arte refulgens,  
 Diffidens pectus, vera haec sint gaudia, quaerit.

## LUXURIAE PERICULA. 265-302.

265 Vos, quis vera placent, vos, qui cognoscere vultis,  
 Crescere laetities ditum, decrescere egentum,  
 Pendere vos decet hoc, quam vasto limite tandem  
 Resplendens tellus distet tellure beata!  
 Aequora turgescunt multis onerata metallis,  
 270 Haec e litoribus stulti clamore salutant;  
 Undique concurrunt quibus est thesaurus opimus.  
 Divitiae superant quidquid sibi quaerit avarus.  
 Lucra tamen penses: gazae sunt nomina tantum,  
 Non augere valent quod vere est utile plebi.  
 275 Sors damnorum alia est: opulentus quisque superbe  
 Usurpat spatium multos quod pavit egenos;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
 280 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
 285 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all  
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
 290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
 295 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:  
 In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
 But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
 300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band,  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

WOE TO THE POOR! 303-336.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 305 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

- Implent hoc spatium lacus et viridaria vasta,  
 Occupat illud equus, canis et carrūca corusca;  
 Serica, queis dites sua cingunt mollia membra,  
 280 Agros dimidia spoliarunt fruge propinquos.  
 Praedium enim vastum, paucos ubi ludere cernis,  
 Agricolae tenues pellit de rure penates;  
 Quidquid et appetitur totum circumvolat orbem:  
 Orbis enim profert quod Luxuries sibi quacrit.  
 285 Sicque Voluptati patria exornata renidet,  
 Dum sterili specie vastam parat aegra ruinam!  
 Pulchra velut virgo, nativo ornata lepore,  
 Conscia quam placeat, iuvenili adiuta vigore,  
 Omne decus spernit procedens veste superba,  
 290 Nec sociat<sup>1</sup> lauros<sup>2</sup> oculorum fraudibus artis;  
 Gratia sin periit, —fragilis nam gratia cuncta—,  
 Aetas dum crescit, dum, quos amor attrahat, absunt,  
 Haec iam resplendet, cupiens decorata iuvari  
 Vestibus auratis, queis nulla potentia vera est:—  
 295 Accidit id patriae, quam Luxuries male prodit.  
 Simplici enim primum Naturae ornata lepore est:  
 Vertitur ad stragem: splendores undique surgunt!  
 Longos prospectus, turres miraris et altas,  
 Esuriens donec patria a ridente colonus  
 300 Semovet infelix humiles tristesque propinquos.  
 Vae! dum mergitur hic, nullo servante lacerto,  
 Patria floret, et est—hortus simul atque sepulchrum!

VAE PAUPERIBUS! 303-336.

- Ah, ubinam sedem iam pauperies sibi figet,  
 Ut rabiem fugiat qua proximus urget avarus?  
 305 Si venit ad fines insaeptos pastor egenus,  
 Sique greges ducit rarum depascere gramen,

<sup>1</sup> *sociare aliquem aliqua re* = to give one a share in something. (V.)

<sup>2</sup> *laurus* = victoria. (Cic.)

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, — what waits him there?

- 310 To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousands baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
- 315 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
- 320 Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train:  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
Sure these denote one universal joy!
- 325 Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
- 330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
- 335 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Insaeptos agros ditum sibi dividit agmen;  
Publica prata, licet iam sint depasta, negantur.

Urbem si quaerat,—quid pauperiem manet, oro?

- 310 Cernet lautitias quarum nil proderit illi;  
Cernet mille artes quarum sunt iuncta venena,  
Ut, luxu foto, minuant hominum genus ipsum;  
Laetitias cernet, quas novit turba nepotum  
Extortas hominum miserorum sorte maligna.
- 315 Hîc dum lautus Eques resplendet vestibus auri,  
Illic pallidulus premitur faber arte nociva;  
Hîc tumidi longo producunt ordine pompas,  
Illic ad bivium minitans crux cernitur atra.  
Concamerata domus, nocturna ubi gaudia regnant,
- 320 Exornata tenet nitidam splendore catervam;  
Igne forum rutilans confercit pompa fragosa,  
Concrepitant rhaedae, dum cursant; taeda refulget.  
Talia, crede mihi, sunt curis libera cuncta;  
Talia demonstrant communia gaudia plebis!
- 325 Seria num dicis? Oculos, ah! verte videque,  
Qua mulier recubet tecto spoliata tremensque.  
Haec quoque forte fuit vici ditissima rerum,  
Innocuos flevit, quorum audit fata dolenda;  
Demissus vultus cumulet fors<sup>1</sup> laudibus aedes,
- 330 Dulcis et haec veluti quae in spinis Primula fulget;  
Omnibus, ah! periit,—virtus comitesque abiire—,  
Ad corruptoris valvas caput aegra reclinat,  
Morsaque frigoribus pluvias fugiensque molestas,  
Atque dolore gravis<sup>2</sup> tempus nunc plorat iniquum,
- 335 Quo leviter primum, magnae urbis gaudia quaerens,  
Deseruitque rotam fuscis et ruris amictus.

<sup>1</sup> *fors*; adverb—forsitan, cf. Hor. Od. I, 28, 31.

<sup>2</sup> cf. *vulnere gravis* (Livy), *morbo gravis* (V.).

## EXILES. 337-384.

- Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the loveliest train,—  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 340 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!  
 Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
 345 Far different there from all that charmed before,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,  
 350 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,  
 355 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene,  
 360 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.  
 Good heaven! what sorrow gloomed that parting day,  
 That called them from their native walks away;  
 365 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main,  
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,



## PATRIAE EXSULES. 337-384.

- Dulces Alburni, num proles vestra decora  
 Insigni specie talem est sortita dolorem?  
 Hoc, ah, forte die, ieiūni, frigore victi,  
 340 Panes mendicant, pulsant portasque superbas.  
 Nón ita! Sémotas in terras,—tristia narro—,  
 Dimidio mundo convexo interposito, illi  
 Tractus per trepidos properant nunc gressibus aegris,  
 ALTAMAE fluctus ubi plorant murmure duro.  
 345 Quam differre vides a rebus tam sibi caris  
 Terrores varios, quibus horrent litora vasta:  
 Fervescunt soles, qui mittunt coelitus ignes,  
 Et nimiis urunt ardoribus usque colonos;  
 Densae sunt silvae volucrum nec voce repletae,  
 350 Turbatim tacitus quas vespertilio quaerit;  
 Agri pestiferi cinguntur vimine denso,  
 Scorpio subfuscus mortes ibi comparat atras;  
 Singulo ibique gradu peregrinus iure pavescit,  
 Ne cieat crepitus horrendos anguis iniqui;  
 355 Inclinata tigris praedae insidiatur, ibique  
 Agrestes homines feriores tigride terrent.  
 Saepe furens turbo vertigine volvitur illic,  
 Vastatam terram miscens cum vertice coeli.  
 Haec quantum distant rebus quas antea norant:  
 360 Flumine seu gelido, seu caespite dulce virenti,  
 Seu zephyris silvae, volucrum modulamine gratae,  
 Furta recondentis, —pia furta iocantis amoris!  
 Oh! Medium Fidium! quanto maerore repletur  
 Dura dies, patriis quae finibus avocat illos;  
 365 Quum misere extorres sua perdunt gaudia cuncta,  
 Adque casas humiles convertunt lumina maesta,  
 Hasque valere iubent, cupiuntque sibi prece vana  
 Sedes his similes trans Hesperium mare latum;  
 Attamen horrescunt distantem visere pontum,

- 370 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!  
The good old sire the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
- 375 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for her father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
- 380 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,  
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

“THE ACCURSED HUNGER OF GOLD.” 385-406.

- 385 O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
- 390 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldly woe;  
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
- 395 Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
- 400 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

370 Et redeunt flentes, fleturi moxque revertunt!  
 Sed bonus ille senex, primus migrare paratus  
 Semotam in terram, maerorem flet populi acrem;  
 Nam sibimet tantum,—virtutis conscius, audax,—  
 Exoptat terras ultra secreta sepulchri.

375 Filia resplendens, lacrimis formosior ipsis,  
 Cara comes patris multis iam debilis annis,  
 Proxima secedit, nec quae sibi gratia curans,  
 Dimisso sponso perquirat bracchia patris.  
 Acrius at mater sortem deplorat iniquam;  
 380 Laetitiae fonti, domui veteri, bene dicens,  
 Basiat infantes curis vacuos, premit ulnis  
 Multis cum lacrimis maerore duplum sibi caros;  
 Coniux, qui blande studet hunc auferre dolorem,  
 Tristitiam patitur tacitus virtute virili.

“AURI SACRA FAMES.” 385-406.

385 Luxuriam! Pestem maledictam Numine coeli!  
 Quam male lautitiis commutantur bona vera!  
 Potus, quos offers exsultans arte dolosa,  
 Gaudia diffundunt, populum quae perdere quaerunt!  
 Regnaque, quae per te nimium crevere, maligne

390 Virtutem iactant alienam prorsus ab illis.  
 Quolibet haec haustu fieri maiora videntur,  
 Moles turgescens magni tumidique doloris;—  
 Tandem cassa cadunt, absumptis viribus atque  
 Funditus aegrotis, vastam spargentia cladem.

395 Nunc etenim, iam nunc haec devastatio coepta est,  
 Dimidia et misere destructio vasta peracta.  
 Talia dum meditor, videor mihi cernere tristis  
 Rurestres patriam Virtutes linquere terram.—  
 Illic, explicuit navis religata ubi vela,

400 Quae, dum laxa manent, cum ventis ludere gaudent,  
 Litore secedit Virtutum turba gementum  
 Atque oras tenebris replet luctuque molesto.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
405 And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

FAREWELL! 407-430.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid;  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame  
410 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
415 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
420 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, pervailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:  
425 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
430 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Contentusque LABOS et CURA in hospitem amica,  
INDULGENTIA amans, uxorum candida virtus,  
405 Et PIETAS, cuius sacra sursum vota locantur,  
Constantesque FIDES et AMOR sic litora linquunt.

VALE! 407-430.

Tuque vale, dulcis Virgo, veneranda POËSIS,  
Tu, quae prima fugis, repunt ubi gaudia sensus!  
Non potes his pravis tam degenerisque diebus  
410 Captis pectoribus sanctam conquirere famam;  
Dulcis Nympha mihi, neglecta negataque Musa,  
Tu pudor in turbis, tu gloria quum migro solus:  
Fons omnisque boni, tristis quoque causa malorum,  
Pauper eram, cum me reperires, sic retinesque;  
415 O Virgo, duce qua summum superant decus artes  
Ingenuae, Nutrix Virtutum cara, valeto!

Musa vale! Fiat, tua vox ut repleat aures  
*Tornidis* in scopulis, *Pambamarcae* vel in ora,  
Quaque febres fervent aequali nocte dieque,  
420 Aut ubi contegitur gelidae massâ nivis Arctos:  
Illic, Musa potens, superando tempora, flecte  
Voce tua mala quae coelum contraxerat atrum;  
VERUM despectum fidibus blandisque iuvato!  
Errantes homines lucri fac spernere quaestum;  
425 Musa, doce patriam nativis viribus auctam,  
Cum pauperrima sit, praecellere posse valore;  
Mercem sin iactet, citiorem cernere casum.

Sic pelagus tollit molem sudore paratam;  
Robore sed proprio regnum nil mobile perstat,  
430 Ut scopuli coelum superant, superant maris undas!

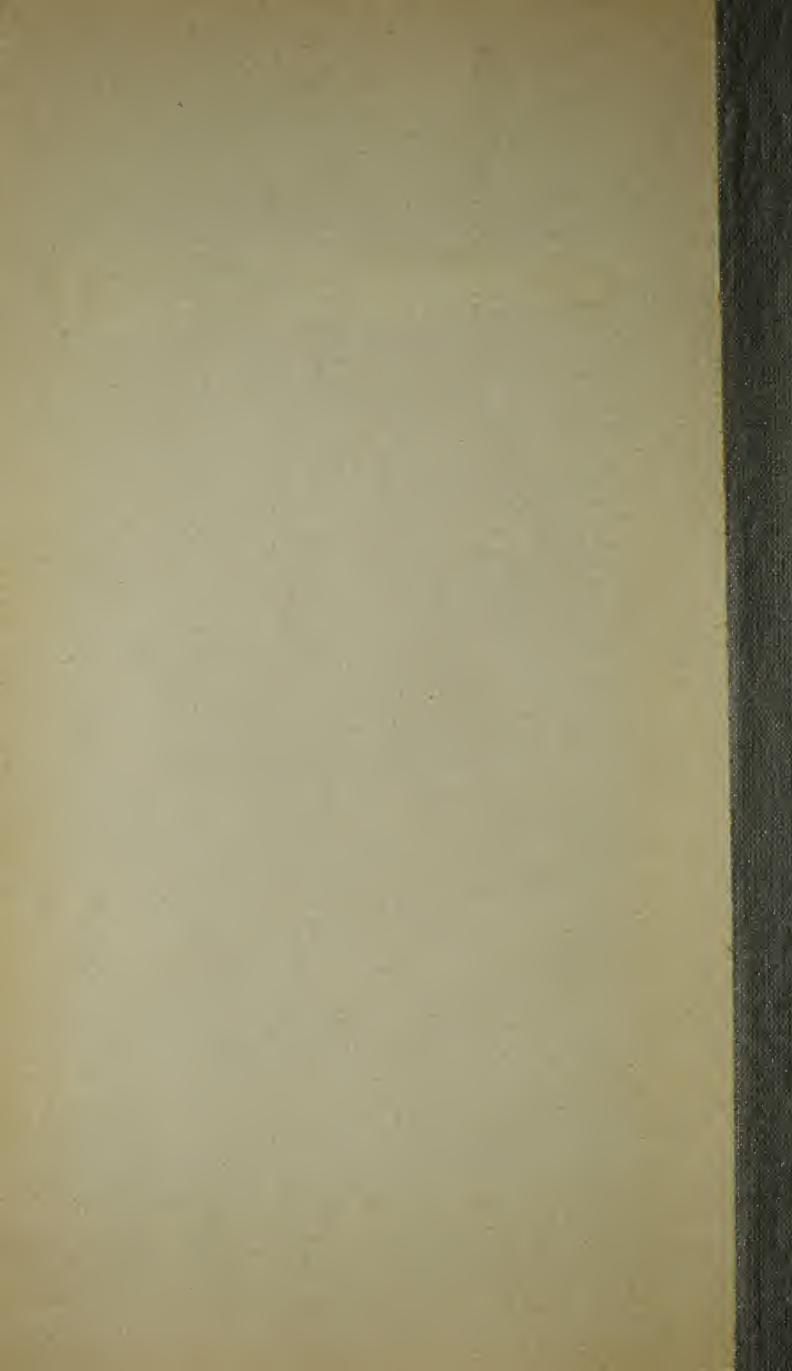












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